Boy. Why that contempt will kill the keepers heart,
And quite diuorce his memory from his part.
Quee. Therefore I doe it, and I make no doubt,
The reſt will ere come in, if he be out.
Theres no ſuch ſport, as ſport by ſport orethrowne:
To make theirs ours, and ours none but our owne.
So ſhall we ſtay mocking intended Game,
And they well mockt, depart away with ſhame. *Sound.*
Boy. The Trumpet ſounds, be maskt, the maskers come.

Enter Black-moores with muſicke the Boy with a ſpeech, and the reſt of the Lords diſguiſed.

Page, All haile the richeſt Beauties on the earth.
Ber. Beauties no richer then rich Taffata.
Pag. A holy parcell of the faireſt dames that euer turn'd their backes to mortall viewes.
The Ladies turne their backes to him.
Ber. Their eyes villaine, their eyes.
Pag. That euer turn'd their eyes to mortall viewes. Out
Boy. True, out indeed.
Pag. Out of your fauours heauenly ſpirits vouchſafe
Not to beholde.
Ber. Once to behold, rogue.
Pag. Once to behold with your Sunne-beamed eyes,
With your Sunne-beamed eyes.
Boy. They will not anſwer to that Epithite,
You were beſt call it daughter beamed eyes.
Pag. They doe not marke me, and that brings me out.
Bero. Is this your perfectneſſe? be gon you rogue.
Roſa. What would theſe ſtrangers?
Know their mindes *Boyet.*
If they doe ſpeake our language, 'tis our will
That ſome plaine man recount their purpoſes.
Know what they would?
Boyet. What would you with the Princes?
Ber. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſ. What would they, ſay they?
Boy. Nothing but peace, and gentle viſitation.
Roſa. Why that they haue, and bid them ſo be gon.

Boy.

Boy. Shee ſayes you haue it, and
Kin. Say to her we haue meaſu
To tread a Meaſure with you on the
Boy. They ſay that they haue m
To tread a Meaſure with you on th
Roſa. It is not ſo. Aske them ho
Is in one mile? If they haue meaſur
The meaſure then of one is eaſlie t
Boy. If to come hither you haue
And many miles: the Princeſſe bid
How many inches doth fill vp one
Ber. Tell her we meaſure them
Boy. She heares her ſelfe.
Roſa. How many weary ſteps,
Of many weary miles you haue or
Are numbred in the trauell of one
Bero. We number nothing that
Our dutie is ſo rich, ſo infinite,
That we may doe it ſtill without ac
Vouchſafe to ſhew the Sunſhine of
That we (like ſauages) may worſhip
Roſa. My face is but a Moone a
Kin. Bleſſed are clouds, to doe
Vouchſafe bright moone, and theſ
(Thoſe clouds remoued) vpon our
Roſa. O vaine peticioner, beg a
Thou now requeſts but Mooneſhin
Kin. Then in our meaſure, vouc
Thou bid'ſt me begge, this begging
Roſa. Play muſicke then, nay yo
Not yet no dance: thus change I lik
Kin. Will you not dance? How
Roſa. You tooke the Moone at fu
Kin. Yet ſtill ſhe is the Moone, a
Roſa. The muſicke playes, vo
Our eares vouchſafe it.
Kin. But your legges ſhould do
Roſ. Since you are ſtrangers, and
Wee'll not be nice, take hands, we

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